READ THIS STORY TODAY--THEN SEE IT IN MOVING PICTURES

YOU may see this story acted in moving pictures this afternoon or evening or any afternoon or evening within the next two weeks. Cut it out and save it. It will be shown at your neighborhood theater sooner or later. By special arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which represents the ten foremost American film-producing companies, The Washington Herald now offers its readers the unique opportunity of reading every morning a complete story which will be released throughout the United States in moving picture form on the same day. See the play today if you can. If you cannot, see it later. Frequent announcements will keep you posted as to where to go.

These stories, which appear only in The Herald, comprise the best of the picture plays produced in America. They are not hastily prepared outlines, but finished works of fiction, prepared in collaboration with the scenario writers weeks before the picture plays are released, and are well worth reading, whether you see the pictures or not.

FORGETTING

Ethel glanced at the face of the man beside her. It was tender, impetuous, strong and masterful, the kind of face she had glimpsed dimly in dreams. Beyond loomed the future, frozen and horrible.

She felt the words that trembled on her lips—words that she must utter—would blot out life's meaning for her and make the days that were to come a dismal, aching void. In a few brief moments she had learned the meaning of love; it had been a swift, dazzling maddening glimpse that had revealed life in its fullness and ecstasy. Now she must shatter that brief happiness.

Hobart Henley was pouring out his love in her ears and painting the way to a life that had existed only in her dreams. Each word made her nerves tingle and throb with a sensation as delicious as it was excruciating. She tried to speak, to stop him, but the words caught and broke. She had never imagined love could be like this—potent as the imperious call of early spring and intoxicating as the breath of jessamine.

"And we will go away, little girl, and just live out our lives for each other," murmured the man. Ethel scarcely heard. She only knew his words were touching soft, tender chords somewhere. They were like a melodious invitation to Arcadia. She wanted to yield, to strangle the warning voice within her, to choke back her scruples.

"Because you will marry me, won't you, little girl?" His strong arm clutched her to him—it was all like a living, scorching flame. She broke from him with a little gasp.

"I can't!" she cried. "I——"

Must she tell him? Must she bury herself forever from the new life that had just burst into blossom about her? She struggled and faltered, striving to wring from her lips the words that would exile her from happiness and Hobart Henley.

"Perhaps you think you love some one else?" he asked boyishly. "Never mind. I will win you—force you to love me. I think you love me now, don't you, dear?"

She stood trembling beside him, a pitiful thing whose soul fought for supremacy over the greater law. Again the future loomed frozen and horrible, a dismal, heart-chilling waste, before her. And the melodious invitation grew more insistent. A tempting whisper reached her ears: "Follow him," it said. "You never knew love before. Perhaps you never may again. There is love and happiness in store for you if you will but throw foolish conventions to the wind. And it isn't your fault."

It was not Hobart's voice. He was too manly, too honest, to tempt her if he knew the reason why she could never marry him.

"It wasn't your fault," continued the tempter, "that your husband pushed you aside and told you to go alone when you asked him to go with you to Mrs. Hampton's week-end party. It wasn't your fault that Mrs. Hampton in a spirit of diablerie substituted the prefix Miss for that of Mrs. You know your husband has been faithless—probably he is at this very moment joy riding with one of his interesting chorus girl friends. You love Hobart. Why not——"

"Why not?" she echoed brokenly. Hobart was pleading with her, begging her to be his. Her face was white and tense with the fierceness of the struggle between love and a woman's soul on one side and the greater law on the other. And the tempter was right. There had been no love in her marriage; she had married in dutiful obedience to parental decree, and if Hobart Henley had not come into her life with his masterful ways and sorcerous pleadings she might have lived happily and never known the meaning of life and love, never experienced this splendid, all-revealing flame that had rushed into her being.

"She Felt the Words that Trembled on Her Lips Would Blot Out Life's Meaning and Make the Days that Were to Come a Dismal, Aching Void."

"I know I can force you to love me, and I want to make you so happy, little girl," Hobart was saying, and again she realized the contrast between the lover beside her and the husband who had thrust her from him, belittled her efforts to make their home pleasant and as a last indignity had flaunted his clandestine affairs before her in a manner that had brought blushes of shame and anger to her face. And again the new life with its love beckoned her with its splendor.

Still he was pouring out his love, and she looked at him pleadingly, beggingly. He was the man whose face she had [illegible] twilight when she searched her soul and vaguely felt, though she could not know, [illegible] well to deceive him and play a despicable role before him. The realization came with a flash that blinded her and blotted out life's petty temptations.

She drew away from him, a ghost of a smile curling her lips. "I do love you, Hobart," she said. "I love you too much for that." The words were wrung from aching depths, but their metallic ring surprised her. Again she summoned a last remnant of strength. "I can't be yours because—because I am already married."

It was over at last, but not until the words were uttered did she realize their full meaning. She had flung life's promises from her; her decision was irrevocable and final. And then, realizing how her words had stung him, she shut her eyes to spare herself the sight of the awful suffering that had crept into his face.

"Married—Is it true?" he asked brokenly, his arm falling limply to his side.

"Yes." Once more she glanced up at his white and rigid face. She must explain, but she knew that whatever she might say would sound like a hollow mockery. "I am sorry. I didn't mean—didn't think this could happen when Mrs. Hampton introduced me as Miss Ethel Grandin. When I demanded an explanation she said it would be a good joke—it was a common thing at house parties."

How stupid and inadequate, how lifeless and cold her words sounded!

"I see—what a joke it was!" mumbled Hobart. Then he laughed hysterically, his voice sounding like a cry flung over icy wilds.

"Maybe you don't understand," he went on. "I never knew I could love like this—didn't know what love was until I met you."

She shrank from the agony in his voice. "It's all right, little girl," he said hoarsely. "Mrs. Hampton has had her little joke. I know it wasn't your fault. You couldn't play with a man's love like that."

"Thank you," Ethel managed to say.

"And now we must forget." He took her hand and held it while he looked tenderly into her tear-dimmed eyes. "You must try to be happy and brave, little girl. Good-by."

The farewell lingered on her lips, and then she tore herself away and ran to her room. There was nothing but the forgetting left, and the forgetting would be bitter. Life would be sadder, more of an aching void now that she had learned that it might give. She must pack at once and go back to her husband and—and forget. Hobart had asked her to try to be happy and brave—she could at least be brave. Somehow she could endure the heartaches inflicted by a husband who did not love her. Perhaps by patient pleading she could persuade him to change his ways. She would try—she felt she had emerged from the supreme test a purer, better woman.

As the train roared through the night she busied herself with plans she hoped would help her forget. In the early hours of the morning she stole into the house and tiptoed upstairs to her room. Her husband had gone out in the evening and had not yet returned, her maid told her. She smiled bitterly—her mind had just been busy with plans for making him home brighter and happier. She seated herself before the window to await the dawn, and as she sat there a feeling of utter forlornness crept over her. Her one dazzling glimpse of love and happiness had promised so much, and so little had been given her. A sigh sounding like the strangled cry of one who knows his springtime has flown slipped from her lips.

Then she remembered Hobart's words. "You must try to be happy and brave," and when she emerged from the struggle she was glad that she had won and proved herself worthy of love.

Dawn was creeping into the room when her maid laid a paper before her. Ethel stared at a streak of black. The letters blurred before her eyes.

"Dead!" she murmured at length. "Dead!" Her heart beat wildly as she read about the automobile accident in which her husband and Miss Vera Du Barre, of the Follies company, had met death after a tour through the cafe district. As she laid the paper aside the only clear impression in her jumble of thoughts and sensations was a feeling of happiness in the knowledge that she had emerged victorious from the supreme test.

A telegram was handed her; she opened it with numb fingers and read:

"Have just heard the news. I asked you to try to be happy and brave. I want you to be brave now. Happiness may come later. "HOBART."

Ethel smiled, and a look of wonder and questioning crept into her eyes.

DAILY SHORT STORY.

ACROSS THE STREET.

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Rosemary jumped out of bed with her eyes shut, and had the alarm silenced before she opened them. The room was dark and chilly, for 6 o'clock is early in March. In summer Rosemary got up at 5.

She lit the gas and caught sight of the ribbon on her finger, tied there the last thing the night before. Memory, suddenly jogged, woke up. Mackerel! That was it! They were out of salt mackeral for breakfast, and she knew that Uncle Peter would peeve if it were missing. She had not discovered that the kit was empty until bedtime, when she had gone to the kitchen to put it to soak. Uncle Peter liked it pretty salt, so she had decided to hurry and dress in the morning and slip down to the store before the neighbors were up. That would give the fish two hours to soak, for Uncle Peter never breakfasted until 9.

She dressed, then looked at herself in the glass, undecided about her curl papers. They were not becoming—in fact, they were decidedly the reverse—but their removal took time, and time was precious.

When she was dressed and her hair properly curled and arranged she looked like the first half of her name; that is, if she were with pleasant people who took her out of herself long enough to forget the slaty grayness of her everyday life. Then she would become really beautiful, the years semed to drop off and she was a girl again, vivacious and charming.

But she generally was called by the last half. Uncle Peter had chopped off the Rose when she came to keep house for him. He said it was flippant. And so, little by little, he had chopped off the best things in her life until only the bare and ugly things remained. In time, Rosemary had begun to look older than she realy was. This morning in the gaslight and curlers she looked forty. In reality she was thirty-three.

A month ago she would not have given the papers a single thought. But things were different now. What if she should happen to meet the boarder across the street.

She glanced at the clock. She would have to risk it anyway. It was nearly 7 now and she must hurry. She put on a sweater, tied a scarf over her head and started down the street. The shutters of the Blacks' second story front were closed, and the windows all down. He was probably dressing and had yet to eat breakfast. She was safe.

She sighed. Pretty plump little Polly Black probably looked as fresh as a daisy in the morning. She did not need curl papers for her thick, wavy, reddish-brown hair. Mary sighed again, for as she was picturing to herself charming, smiling little Polly handing the boarder his cup of coffee, she caught sight of herself in a plate-glass window.

"Don't be such a silly!" she exclaimed. "Why, you don't even know his name, and you certainly have no identity as far as he goes. He probably thinks you're the maid; for, dear knows, he always happens along when you're out cleaning windows or polishing the door bell. Didn't he even catch you hanging out the clothes the day he hunted for Mrs. Black's cat in the alley! That is, if he noticed you at all," she added to herself.

The store was open when she arrived. She bought her fish, but held it away from her, for the odor penetrated the brown paper wrapping and it made her sick. She hated fish.

Going home, she planned for the day's work. Her purchase had knocked sentiment out of her head. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it turns up its nose at other things and walks away. Mary was wondering if she could get the lunch dishes washed in time to go down for some new tea toweling and be home before the baked beans for dinner would burn, when she slipped on two-thirds of a square inch of ice and fell.

It was a most awkward fall—the kind when one's self-respect suffers most. To make things worse, her package flew, the dampened paper parted and Uncle Peter's breakfast lay shamelessly exposed upon the brick pavement.

First we listen for a laugh—if we can think of anything but a jarred anatomy—next we glance surreptitiously to see how the public takes it. Everything favorable, and if our belongings happen to be anything in the world but fish we pick them and ourselves up and march away, haughtily or belligerently, according to our dispositions.

Mary didn't hear any one laugh, but before she had time to pick herself up, much less her belongings, she saw a man running across the street toward her. Horror of horrors! It was the boarder!

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

Mary shook her head. She felt that her face would soon burst if the blood did not stop rushing to it so. "No, thank you," she finally stammered, and started to get up.

He helped her to her feet and started for the fish.

"Oh, no, no! Please don't," she protested. "I'll get another. It's only a few steps back to the store." In her confusion she had not noticed that her scarf had become loosened, until it dropped at her feet. With a quick, self-conscious motion both hands flew to her head. The man picked it up. When he handed it to her she scarcely thanked him in her haste to get the telltale knobs under cover. Her face had become suddenly pale. "I believe I had better go home," she faltered, avoiding his eye. "Thank you for being so kind. Good morning." She turned away.

"But you are ill! You will allow me to go as far as your door, won't you? I can't leave you this way."

Then the flush swept her cheeks again. "No, thank you. I feel perfectly well. Good morning." This time it was final and he looked after her, puzzled. The fish caught his eye and he laughed softly, with a sudden inkling of the situation. "Poor child!" he said in a tone that would have given Mary food for thought. "I'll bet she'll catch it when Uncle Peter misses his mackeral.

Mary did catch it, and she tried to make herself believe that that was the reason she cried all day.

That afternoon a box of roses came for her. There was no card! It was the first box of flowers she had ever received in her life. She did not dare dream—it was wicked to hope.

No, it could not be! because the following week she counted four times that he went out with Polly Black, and a neighbor told her she had seen him dancing with her in a cabaret. "I think it's scandalous for a man of his age to be taking out a young thing like that."

"I don't think he's too old at all," declared Mary hotly. "Why, he can't be forty yet!" Then she flushed painfully and the neighbor looked suspicious. But the remark had gone home!

The next week another box of roses came. The fourth box contained a card. "May I call tonight? Just pin a red rose on the curtain." It was signed "The Man Across the Street."

It was a soft evening in early April when Mary pinned the red rose to the curtain, and when two hours later, there was a ring at the bell, a half-grown moon was high in the sky.

It was Rose, not Mary, who opened the door, and she looked as many years under her age as she had looked older on that awful morning weeks before.

"I thought, perhaps, you would bring Polly," was about she could think to say when they were seated inside.

He laughed. "Polly's gone to a show with Tom Dixon. Besides, she's a dandy little girl, but she can't come courting with her Uncle John."

(Copyright, 1914.)

"PUNISH THE PARENTS OF UNRULY CHILDREN"

Should Be Held Responsible for Incorrigible Offspring, Says Vice President Marshall.

OFFERS SOLUTION OF PROBLEM

That parents of unruly boys and girls should be taken into the Juvenile Court and held responsible for the misconduct of their children is suggested by Vice President Marshall as a good remedy for the redemption of so-called incorrigible children.

Vice President Marshall spoke Thursday night along these lines before 500 men and women prominent in business, professional, and social circles in Baltimore who had gathered at the annual dinner of the Henry Watson Children's Aid Society.

When asked about his Baltimore speech, the Vice President last night declared it was absurd for a parent to say he or she cannot control a child.

"A child under fifteen years never should be taken before a court as an incorrigible. Its parents should be brought into the court and lectured, and, if necessary, forced to keep the child in the straight and narrow path. I believe in parental courts more than Juvenile Courts," said the Vice President.

"If the parent is at fault and does not attempt, after being warned, to take the child in hand he should be forced to pay so much for the upkeep each week of the offspring and have it placed in the care of persons who would see to it that it was properly brought up."

"Do not punish children for things they have done and about which they have been taught indifferently by their parents. Punish the parents who allow their children to go wrong. This would give children a club over their parents. That is to say, the parents would be forced to live an exemplary life before their children. This, in my opinion, would solve the great problem confronting the nation."

The Vice President does not advocate the abolition of the Juvenile Courts of the country, but favors the addition of parental tribunals. He does not believe a Juvenile Court should have the right to send children to criminal institutions for correction, unless they be at an age where they have little regard or respect for their parents' teachings.

"CHURCH OF TODAY ON WITNESS STAND"

"No Machine Is Accepted Until It Works," Rev. Dr. Montgomery Tells Congregation.

Placing the church in the same class with the fig tree condemned by Christ because it bore no fruit, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery, pastor of Metropolitan Methodist Church, last night declared the church today is on the witness stand and answers only the questions it must.

"There is with the church today a torment of talk, talk, talk; an epidemic of outward expression Dr. Montgomery said. "The need of the church this very hour is the strength of reservation and repose, which are the outer expressions of an inward spiritual power. The exterior is too much in evidence. It is starred and underscored.

"The tocsin of the church is not simply to be happy or saved, but to be useful and helpful to the sinning and the burdened and unfortunate world, not an exclusive mutual admiration society for the purpose of self-culture and self-laudation. The greatest anthem ever sung is the anthem attuned to the heart that helps and pities.

"The church of today is on the witness stand and answer the questions she must. No machine is accepted until it works. Every institution must give legitimate reason why it exists. Likewise with the church. If she grows fruit that nurtures and grows the best type of character the world shouts, "Good!" If not, man is ready to board another vessel whose sails are spread to holier and loftier breezes."

BAND CONCERT TODAY.

By the United States Soldiers' Home Band, John S. M. Zimmermann, director, Stanley Hall, at 3:30 p. m. Program:

March, "Semper Fidelis".....Sousa
Overture, "1812".....Tschaikowsky
Two songs—
(a) "Little Gray Home in the West."
(b) "There's a Hill by the Sea".....Lohr
Selection, "The Gondoliers".....Sullivan
Characteristic, "The Porcupine Patrol".....Monckton
Excerpts from "Oh! Oh! Delphine"..Carrll
Finale, "National Fencibles".....Sousa
"The Star Spangled Banner."

Note—There will be no concert at the Marine Barracks today, March 30, as the Marine Band will be otherwise engaged.

Pitch pine from Mobile is being used on the terminal of the Hudson Bay railway at Port Nelson.

THE WAR DAY BY DAY

Fifty Years Ago.

March, 30, 1864—The Confederate Prison at Andersonville, Sumter County, Ga., which Had Been Opened on February 20, Was Rapidly Filling Up with Federal Soldiers Sent South from Richmond—Origin and Character of the Prison.

(Written expressly for The Herald.)

Fifty years ago today the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Sumter County, Ga., which had been opened on February 20, was rapidly filling with Federal soldiers sent south from Richmond.

The care of its prisoners had now become such a burden to the Confederacy that neither proper food nor shelter could be provided for the thousands of Federals in its hands. Food even for the Confederate armies in the field was not readily obtained, while labor, paid in a currency so debased that a day's pay would not buy a full meal for the laborer, was not to be had in quantity for such a purpose as building prisons.

Andersonville had been chosen as a prison site because it was in a section where supplies could be more readily obtained than in Richmond. The men who established the prison labored honestly, though ineffectively, to make it habitable. It was destined in spite of them to develop, in the dying days of the Confederacy, into a place of horror.

Late in 1863 the Confederate government had seen the need of establishing a new military prison in some remote spot, where supplies would be more abundant and escapes would be less frequent. On November 24, 1863, Capt. W. Sidney Winder, a son of Gen. John H. Winder (in command of the Richmond prisons), was ordered by the Confederate secretary of war to select a site for a prison in the neighborhood of Americus or Fort Valley, Ga. The location chosen, Andersonville, was six miles from Americus, and sixty miles from Macon, on the line of the Southwestern Railroad, which runs from Macon through Southwest Georgia.

Short of Food and Labor.

The ground chosen was about a third of a mile from the east side of the railroad. On it was a grove of lofty pines, from which material was obtained for administration buildings and a stockade. Wood, a prime necessity, was especially plenty and a stream of water ran across the lot. The place promised well.

Capt. Richard B. Winder took charge of the construction of Camp Sumpter as the post was named. This officer, who was a quartermaster in the Confederate service, soon found that he could not get supplies together readily for the expected prisoners. On February 3, before a prisoner had arrived, he reported urgent need of all sorts of supplies, excepting corn and meal.

On February 17, the day on which the first detachment of prisoners left Richmond for Andersonville, Capt. Winder reported that it was impossible to hire men who had been exempted from conscription to drive cattle for the needs of the prison. These men preferred to speculate on their own account. Capt. Winder was also troubled by the approaching departure of the negroes who were employed in the work, 300 in number, who were soon to return to their respective plantations. There was no labor at hand to replace this force, and altogether the prospect of having the post in readiness for its occupants was not a favorable one.

What Prison Was Like.

By the time the first prisoners arrived the stockade of the prison was done.

The inner inclosure, which was surrounded by a log structure eighteen to twenty feet in height, measures 1,010 feet in length and 779 feet in width. This inclosure was surrounded at a distance of sixty feet with another palisade of logs twelve feet high. In August, 1864, when the prison was at its fullest tide of population, the length was extended to 1,620 feet.

The ground inside the stockade was entirely cleared. Not a tree or shrub was left standing.

In the original inclosure was an area of twelve acres. There were two gates, and but two corresponding apertures in the outer palisade. These gates were constructed of massive timbers. They were always strongly guarded. At intervals of 100 feet along the top of the inner palisade there were sentry boxes, whose occupants could survey both the exterior and the interior of the prison.

The first commander of the prison, Col. Parsons, of the Fifty-fifth Georgia Reserves, was described by some of his charges as a humane and considerate governor. The men of his regiment fraternized with the first comers, and to its original occupants Andersonville was an agreeable change from the crowded prisons at Richmond.

From such a beginning conditions were rapidly to grow worse until the week of August 7, when the prison, a vast reeking pen of sweltering, starving, vermin-ridden invalids, contained 32,713 men. This was the high tide of its population.

Soldiers of character and training could not be spared to guard the prison, and the guards as a rule were ignorant conscripts. Some were brutal in acts and words, shooting at any hapless prisoner who approached the dead-line or savagely cursing the prisoners. Others were often moved to pity by the sufferers beneath them, throwing bread to the hungry, and speaking kindly.

Among Early Comers.

A realistic picture of the hard life within the Andersonville stockade in the prison's early days, is presented in the diary of Sergt. John L. Ransom, of Company A, Ninth Michigan Cavalry. Sergt. Ransom was captured on November 6, 1863, near Rogersville, East Tennessee. He reached Belle Isle, in the James River, November 13. On March 7 he was assigned to an Andersonville detachment and on March 13, twenty days after the prison was opened, he found himself at Andersonville.

The prison then contained 1,800 men. He found it a plot without streets. Huts, shacks and shelters, which had been built by the prisoners, were scattered about in haphazard fashion.

"A dismal hole it is," wrote the sergeant on the day of his arrival. On March 15 he drew as rations a quart of cornmeal, half a pound of beef and some salt. "This is splendid," he wrote. By March 27 he got a pint of beans or peas, three-quarters of a pint of meal, and a piece of bacon each day, and wrote that he was "doing very well."

The prisoners were "squadded" by this time into groups of 100. Prison life had made the men nervous and irritable, and there was much fighting going on in the stockade.

Rations by April 10 had dwindled to one-half in quantity. Scurvy had appeared, and the men were dying at the rate of eighty a day. Clothing was wearing out, or was traded for food. By the middle of April the sergeant was reduced to his shirt, trousers, and hat. Yet he says he was "well dressed when compared with many."

On April 14 new onions at $2 (Confederate) for a bunch of five were offered the prisoners, with few purchasers. By April 30 the rations had got down to one-quarter of what was needed. By May 8 "a quarter of a loaf of cooked bread and five ounces of bacon" were given out, which the sergeant found was "an improvement."

Prisoners Hang Thieves.

Among the prisoners was a band of thieves who made a business of robbing the constantly arriving newcomers of all their possessions.

This evil increased to such an extent that the prisoners took the matter in hand, arrested six of the raiders, tried them before an improvised court, and sentenced them to be hanged. This sentenced was carried out by the prisoners, and thievery in the prison was stopped.

On May 14 there was a picnic and a dance of the guards on the outside of the prison, with a band and women guests from Macon. The music cheered the men inside the stockade.

There was much singing in the prison, and many good singers. "God bless a man who can sing in this place," wrote the sergeant. By May 22 the sergeant was taking in washing for a living, for which he received small pieces of bread. He was in partnership with a Michigan Indian. The firm was prosperous.

By May 21, the laundry firm was Baptiste, Ransom & Co., and business was on the increase. By June the sergeant was a hair cutter.

The sergeant showed himself in his early entries in his diary to have been a cheerful, optimistic person who made the best of life's adversities, and who was always looking for better things. His diary is a striking illustration of the effect of starvation. At first his paragraphs were full in quantity and animated in style. By September the story of the day's doings was reduced to a feeble, single line.

News came on September 6 that prisoners who could walk should be transferred to Savannah. This would have been good news to Sergt. Ransom, but he could not walk; he was not able to stand. His faithful Indian friend actually carried him in the line and got him aboard the train. He was transferred to a Savannah hospital, where he eventually recovered.

(Conditions at Andersonville in August will be described in this series.)

Tomorrow: The Red River Campaign.

(Copyright, 1914.)

FEMINISM IN ART HAS INNINGS.

Unusual Array of Musical Women Feature of April Disc Records.

There is more than the mere flavor of feminism to at least one important feature of this month's musical offerings.

Practically every artist of importance featured in the April list of new Columbia Double-Disc Records is a woman. First comes Mme. Jeanne Gerville-Reache, the famous French contralto, an artist of international distinction whose work has aroused the enthusiasm of operatic audiences in Europe and in this country. Mme. Gerville-Reache was first heard in America at the Manhattan Opera House in 1907, her engagement by Oscar Hammerstein following an already brilliant career in Covent Garden, the Paris Opera Comique and the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels. She has recently been heard in many States of the Union in concert work. Her first exclusively Columbia records comprise the two great arias from Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah."

On the rest of the list there is the usual array of absolutely down-to-date song hits from the latest Broadway musical shows and also a new list of modern dance records that have been made under the personal supervision of G. Hepburn Wilson, M. B., undoubtedly the greatest living authority on modern dancing.

In a year 7,767,000,000 cigars and fourteen billion cigarettes were smoked in the United States.